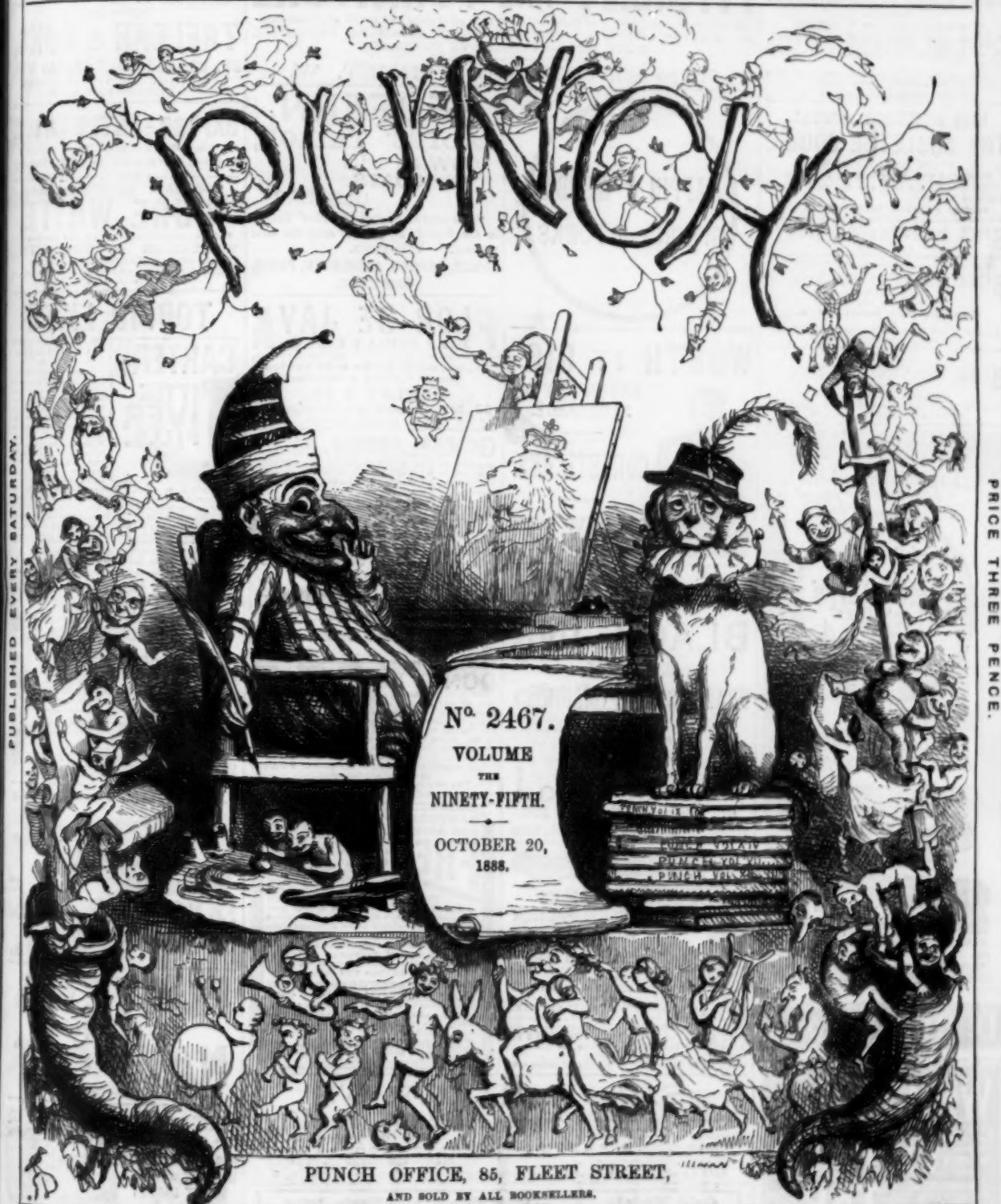


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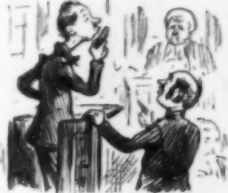
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Candidate (feeling he is getting on). Bless you, yes, Sir, I should rather think I had. I've played Boz, the Armed Head in *Macbeth*, and the Third Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and (generalising vaguely) a lot more of that kind. I'm a splendid hand at "making up," I am.

Chief Commissioner. And could no doubt undertake a Variety Entertainment. You know what I mean, don't you? You bob down behind a table every minute, change your costume, and come up as somebody else. You think you could embody various characters?

Candidate (reflectively). Well, Sir, I think I could,—most of 'em. Anyhow I'd try.

Chief Commissioner. Just so. (Pauses a minute—then suddenly, as if just struck with the idea.) By the way, are you accustomed to the management of bloodhounds?

Candidate (hesitating). Well, I can't say as how I've ever had much to do with them. But (with confidence), I know all about beagles. But, bless you, Sir (smiling as if at the Commissioner's fears), I ain't afraid of the 'ounds. I'm very fond of dogs, and should soon get into their ways.

Chief Commissioner. Quite so. (Summing up.) Well, I don't think there's anything else. (Struck by an afterthought.) Wait a moment, though, I forgot. You are able to march? Know your drill, eh?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Have served in the Force?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Are well known to all the Constables?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. And (coming anxiously to the point) to all the thieves, pickpockets, and burglars?

Candidate (with alacrity). To every man Jack of 'em, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (eagerly). Are you sure?

Candidate (triumphantly). Cock sure, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (with enthusiasm). Then that settles it, You'll do. (Passes him, rejoicing, into Detective Department, as scene closes.)

## VOCES POPULI.

AT SOME HIGHLAND SPORTS.

SCENE—A Glen in the North. On a rock above, the non-paying Public are perched, as a Poet present remarks, "like sea-birds." Below, an enclosure surrounded by rough seats, Local Magnates in waggons and dog-carts, &c. On a platform a Piper is seen strutting round, performing, with infinite satisfaction to himself, upon his instrument, while a Jury of three take notes solemnly in a tent. In an adjoining field a small party are playing football, with an ostentatious unconsciousness of any rival attraction, that is possibly due to some private pique. The Piper ceases with the weird suddenness with which he began, and marches off; a Rival Piper, in the dead silence that ensues, calls out, "Very well played, LACHLAN MACKINNON!" At which Mr. MACKINNON seems to be inwardly confounding his friend's impudence. Another Piper mounts the platform, and performs apparently the same air. Other Pipers criticise, and compare notes.

First Piper. JOHN MACPHERSON played that "Shaoil a Bhodh" ferry well, but he was mekking one or two slips. He went wrong here and there—he did that.

Second Piper. Aye, he didna bring out the drone eno', to my thinking. Hoo d'ye play the "Masther o' Mar o' Shean," KENNETH MACRAE?

First P. Oo, ah, I must be thinking. (After a silence.) I begin it this way (hums in Second Piper's ear, confidentially): "Dum-

dee-ee-eee-ah-ee; ah-oo, di-doo, di-de-ee." That is how I play "The Masther," ANGEA.

Second P. I do not tek it the same way—this is mine. (Buzzes in First Piper's ear.) "Dee-ee, eeee, ee-ah, a-a-ah, di-doo."

First P. (after giving the buzz careful consideration). Yes, that iss a good way, but I wass thinking there will be more of the music in mine.

Third P. At Tobbermory I gained first prize—I do not care who hears me—though it was only the second medal I wass getting whateffer!

Fourth P. It iss true—I wass quite ashamed of the chudging myself.

Third P. Mirover, they told me I wass to play anything but "Gnailbik a chéile," my favourite tune.

Fourth P. It is ill chudging when the Pipers will no be playing all the sem tune.

A Chronic Cockney (patronising one of the Pipers). So you 'aven't got your great man down 'ere this time—the Champion Piper, you know!

Piper (who considers himself second in none on his instrument). And who wass he?

The C. C. Why, SHAMUS McRANNOCH—they tell me he got all the medals at Inverness last year.

Piper (loftily). Did SHAMUS play the pipes? I wass no hearing of it; he puts the stone, yes, a little—and the caber, he can toss the caber, too; but I wass no effer hearing that he played the pipes.

The C. C. D'yer know 'oo's winnin' now among you pipers, eh? I suppose they give the medal to the feller who kills the most old cows. Shouldn't care about being on the Jury myself, yer know. I'd rather be set down to class the tom-cats in my back-garden at 'ome.

Piper (politely). You will be understanding more about the tom-cats and such things.

The C. C. I've eard, though, that the sound of the bag-pipes will call a dead 'Ighlander back to life—either that or the smell of whiskey—whusky, you call it, you know. But, between you and me now, you don't call that beastly row you make music, do yer—honour bright now? (Finds the Piper has turned away; the C. C. tells a friend that he has "Just 'ad a very pleasant conversation with one of these fellows—very intelligent chap—I like going among the natives yer know, and gettin' to understand them and that.")

The Sports proceed; the Hammer is hurled, and on one occasion causes infinite amusement to the "Sea-birds," by just missing one of the Judges. The Spectators nearest the Enclosure show a less keen sense of humour. The Caber—a rough fir-trunk, 21 feet long—is tossed, that is, is lifted by six men, set on end, and placed in the hands of the Athlete, who, after looking at it doubtfully for a time, poises it, raises it a foot or two, and runs several yards with it, after which he jerks it forward by a mighty effort so as to pitch on the thicker end, and fall over in the direction furthest from him.

A Lady Spectator (disappointed, after a Competitor has at length succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat). Don't they toss it any further than that?

A Native. Oh, aye, Mem. I hef tossed it three hundred feet and more myself.

The Lady. Have you, indeed—and where was that?

Native (modestly). Over a cliff—from the top right down to the bottom.

The "Egg and Spoon race"—a contest peculiarly characteristic of the Hardy North—is about to be run; the Competitors assemble in line, each dauntless youth holding a spoon in which an egg reposes.

Simple Little Wife. But tell me, ALFRED, what happens if one of them drops the egg?

Alfred (readily). Oh, he has to sit down and eat it instantly with the spoon.

Simple Little W. How curious these old Highland customs are!

The Athletic part of the Sports are over by about 4:30 P.M., and the reels and sword-dances begin. Four reels have been danced, and six sword-dances.

Mrs. Campbell, of Loch Gorrie (to Mr. SENTERBORD, who, finding that it is nearly six, and there are eight more people waiting to dance the sword-dance in turn—is retreating quietly). You really ought not to miss the Highland Fling—it comes next on the programme.

Mr. Senterbord (departing). Oh, I won't—I'll drop in to-morrow, after the Regatta.

Dancing continues: fourteen separate sword-dances and fifteen entries for the Fling. Local Magnates, who are not compelled by their position to remain, drive off yawning, and commending the quality of the bag-pipe playing. Magnates whose Pipers have won a medal receive congratulations suspiciously from London friends. Outside the grounds, other fine old Highland Sports "Putting the Cocoa-Nut," "Glass bottle and Steamed Egg staking," and "Trying the Weight," are now in full swing. Highlanders "left Sporting."

## AGRICULTURE'S LATEST RÔLE.

*(A Buxic Ballad, with a Borrowed Refrain, Dedicated to the British Dairy Farmers' Association.)*

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty Maid?"  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 "I'm going a-milking, Sir;" she said;  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 "For times are bad, and the farm don't pay.  
 'Tis Pasture v. Arable, so men say,  
 If still I'd be prosperous this is the way.  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 "I'm tired of corn-growing that brings little  
 cash,  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

The old business of Ceres seems going to smash.  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 Free Trade and the Yankee have finished her  
 clean.  
 From furrow and sheaf there seems little to  
 glean,  
 From ploughed land to pasture I'm changing  
 the scene.  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 "I hope you'll allow I look fetching like this,  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

A Dairymaid's dress suits me sweetly, I wis.  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 Just twig my short petticoats, look at my pail!  
 The bards are all ready a Milkmaid to hail!  
 I mean making prettiness pay,—shall I fail?  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 "You've been to the Dairy Show, Sir, have  
 you not?  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*  
 Those churners competitive were a sweet lot.  
*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*





## IS DETECTION A FAILURE?

*In the interests of the Gutter Gazette and of the Criminal Classes, the Sensational Interviewer dogs the Detective's footsteps, and throws the strong light of publicity on his work. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Detection should prove a failure.*

Miss HOLMES, and Miss KERL, and Miss BARRON, who won,  
Seemed not a bit fagged when the business was done.  
I'm sure Butter-making looks capital fun.

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

"Then Cheese! Good old Cheshire and Cheddar, I hope,

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

With Gruyère and Camembert shortly will cope,

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

Why, why should the foreigner be all the go?

No, Cheshire and Wiltshire will struggle, I know;

I'll back them to beat GORGONZOLA & Co.!

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

"In addition to these, there be poultry and eggs;

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

They will set Agriculture again on her legs;

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

But "Milk from the Cow" is the thing that will pay

(Ask the Marquis of BRISTOL, and Earl GALLOWAY),

And that's why I'm going a-milking to-day."

*(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)*

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.—From *The Musical World* (whose critic by the way politely observes that it would be "ungracious to quarrel" with the Savoy librettist for calling his plot "new and original" after taking its essence from *Maritana*,—but would it have been "ungracious to quarrel" with SULBERT had the Opera been by two writers called SULBERT and GILLIVAN?) we learn that SULLIVAN's *Mikado* is now being performed daily at a Danish Circus at Stockholm. "No words are given," but it is "acted and danced." Of course it is unprecedentedly successful. Why not try this plan on alternate nights with the *Beefeater's Bride*; or *W. S. Merryman and his Merrytana*? The arrangement would draw enormous houses, consisting of those who, having once heard the words and music together, would like to hear again and again Sir ARTHUR'S charming melodies alone, and see the pretty dresses and the *mise en scène*.

## PLAY-TIME IN THREE PLACES.

BEFORE this appears, M. MAYER will have commenced his season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre. Those who know HALÉVY's delightful book *L'Abbé Constantin*, will be curious to see what kind of a play it makes. Certainly, if closely adapted, and if the actors enter into the spirit of the original work, it should be an exception to the majority of French pieces, which are forbidden fruit to the "young person," and can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who can honestly adopt CHARLES LAMB'S view of the Comic dramatists and the actors of the Restoration. M. HALÉVY has done much to atone for the brutal materialism of Zola-esque literature with his perfectly pure and thoroughly natural characters in the story of *L'Abbé Constantin*. The best specimen of M. HALÉVY's cynical humour is his *M. et Mme. Cardinal*. In his tenderness, his human sympathies, his searching analysis of character, his sarcasm, and his cynicism, M. HALÉVY seems to me to approach nearer to THACKERAY than any other French author I can call to mind. He has the advantage over THACKERAY in being also a dramatic author, though I think his most successful pieces have been in collaboration with M. MEILHAC and others, as it usually takes from two to five French authors to make a play of any sort, even an ordinary farce. In this instance, M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY's story has been dramatised by MM. CRÉMIER and P. DECOURCELLES.

"*The Jodrell (late Novelty) Theatre*" was announced to open this evening. *The Jodrell (late Novelty)* is not a good title for a Theatre. When a Novelty is late, it is no longer a novelty. This theatre ought soon to be in vogue as curiosity may at first be aroused by some one at a dinner-party inquiring of a friend across the table, "Are you going to *The Jodrell* to-night?" or "Come to *The Jodrell*!" or "Shall we *Jodrell* together this evening?" *Jodrell* is a good word, and may be used as a verb, as the Germans use "jodel."

Fancy a theatre called after the excellent Earl of SHAFTESBURY! A new meeting-house, a novel Exeter Hall, yes;—but a theatre! I should as readily have imagined a French Theatre called after BOSSUET, or an English one after JEREMY COLLIER. But as some one has somewhere said before, and more than once, I believe, "What's in a name?"

JACK IN THE BOX.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At a time when more or less nonsense is talked and written about the status of the Actor,—recently rather MOORE than less,—Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's *Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean* will interest a large number of readers on and off the stage. I should be inclined to say that EDMUND KEAN was the greatest histrionic genius the English Stage ever saw, not excepting DAVID GARRICK. There seems to have been no single department of his art in which he did not excel. He had a strong sense of humour (in which the KEMBLEs were deficient), he could execute acrobatic feats, was an excellent mimic, could play pantomime, could burlesque tragedy, could sing, play, dance, fence, excite laughter, inspire terror, draw tears, and extort enthusiastic applause from most unsympathetic and occasionally antagonistic audiences. He conquered all along the line. As for "social status," he could have been whatever he liked to be, a peer among peers, had that been his desire; but he was what he chose to be, and what at last he despised himself for being.

"Social Status," forsooth! What is "Status"? The answer will be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*, where you will learn the status of everybody, from the highest rank down to a cab-rank. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus." Conventionality is the sworn foe of genius. Real genius cannot rest satisfied with humdrum middle-class respectability. Poor KEAN! A staunch loyal friend, a wilful man of generous impulses, lavish with boon companions, but mean where love and duty demanded generosity, the self-indulgent victim of a designing woman and her highly respectable husband, pelted, hooted, broken by disease and intemperance,—what a finish to a brilliant career!

Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY is an impartial biographer, neither uselessly blaming, nor needlessly moralising, but writing with charitable sympathy for the human errors of the man, and with honest scorn for the Pecksniffian Pharisee, who cannot understand genius, and is quite as unable to imagine, as he is unwilling to make allowances for, the dangers which beset the path of any public favourite, especially that of an extraordinary histrionic genius. "Alas, poor King of shreds and patches!"

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

## DUE NORTH.

*Excursion to a Waterfall—The Wicked Uncle's Strange Story.*

*Next Morning.*—Rain, and occasionally half-hours with the best sunshine. Good Aunt and young ladies have driven off to pay a few neighbourly calls within a radius of fifteen miles or so, do a little shopping,—no matter how bare the village, where there are ladies there is always shopping—and lunch out. Wicked Uncle feeling a bit rheumatic, says that as I am not accompanying the shooters, he will show me a beautiful Waterfall, not a very great distance off. It is so damp and cold that I propose taking the least drop possible of whiskey before we start. Wicked Uncle negatives the proposal with prompt decision. I agree with him, and totally abstain. We start, carrying macintoshes and umbrellas. From talking about sport we get to scenery: from scenery to the extent of the Laird's property: from this to a comparison with other big properties: and finally, by a very easy and natural transition, we arrive at the vast estates of which the Wicked Uncle would now be the proud possessor, as I understand him, but for the machinations of the Machiavelli in petticoats, whom I have heard "D. B." irreverently term "MARY Queen of Squats." For this unfortunate sovereign the Wicked Uncle cannot find epithets sufficiently insulting. Hitherto I have imagined myself pretty well posted up in the history of this ill-used lady, whom I have always championed as a victim, if not a martyr. But the Wicked Uncle throws an entirely new side-light on MARY's character. He speaks with the conviction of a contemporary who had known her personally, and who had suffered a great wrong at her hands, which he is in a position to prove up to the hilt. It is curious too, that in his narrative he brings in scarcely one well-known historical name. I listen with momentarily increasing interest to the commencement of his story when the Wicked Uncle suddenly stops near a small inn, and observes that he is not quite sure if there isn't a shorter cut to the Waterfall than the road we are taking. He will "inquire within." We enter.

"Mornin'" he says, addressing a very youthful bar-maiden, who smilingly returns, "Good morning, Mr. FRASER," and immediately



pours out a small measure of whiskey, empties it into a tumbler, and pushes the water towards the Wicked Uncle. "Will you?" he asks, hesitatingly. It is my turn to decline with thanks. He drinks it off, observes that this will make him feel a little less chilly, and adds that he was wrong to have refused it at starting. Then as he is leaving I remind him that he hasn't asked the shortest way to the Waterfall.

"Oh," he replies, "I think I remember it."

And as we resume our walk, I ask him to go on with his narrative, in which I am already deeply interested, not so much on his behalf, as for the sake of the good name and reputation of MARY Queen of Squats.

"My ancestor," the Wicked Uncle recommences in a gloomily-confidential manner, his countenance flushing slightly with the air and exercise; "my ancestor was Sir WERDIE FRASER, of Kantork, the Master of the Sentences in the Scotch Chancery, you know—he was the FRASER, you may remember, who threw himself across the doormat, and declared that if they wanted to get at the Queen, it must be over his body—you recollect, of course—"

I have a vague recollection of some incident of this sort, and so reply, "Yes, yes," and he continues, "Well, he was the descendant of WERDIE of the Whirlpool."

"Why Whirlpool?" I ask.

"Because," answers the Wicked Uncle, somewhat testily, as if annoyed at my ignorance, "he lived in a castle where no one could get at him without crossing a whirlpool"—(I am satisfied)—"and he refused to pay the Queen a road collop."

I do not like to irritate him by inquiring what a "road collop" may be, and so nod my head as a sign of intelligent assent which seems to relieve his mind of some considerable load as he quickens his step, and proceeds with his narrative in a more cheerful tone.

"A road collop, to which she was no more entitled than you are. So from that minute she hated him. MARY never forgave, you know"—(I was not aware of this, but I think it safer not to dispute the assertion)—"and she was determined to take it out of him somehow; and, by Jove, she did. And," he adds, bitterly, "our family lost about a hundred thousand pounds by it."

"How?" I ask, stopping to put on my macintosh, as the rain is beginning again.

"How!" returns the Wicked Uncle, sarcastically; and then, suddenly changing his tone, he says, "It's such a nuisance walking in macintoshes. We'd better take shelter in here." And I follow him up a narrow path to a small cottage, over which there is a board with the intimation that Mrs. MCLEAN is licensed to sell spirits. "Mornin', Ma'am," says the Uncle, politely.

"It's a wee bit moist," observes the dame, returning his salutation, and forthwith produces a whiskey-bottle, two glasses, and a jug of water. I sip mine. The Uncle, complaining of rheumatism in the left arm, which he can scarcely lift, he says, and which is evidently quite different to the other, which he can lift easily, disposes of his "wee drappit" at a draught; and, as I walk to the window to watch the weather, I fancy he repeats the dose. The rain ceases, and once more we are on our road.

"Are we near the Waterfall?" I ask him.

"The Waterfowl?" he asks; and for the moment he appears quite oblivious of the main object of our walk. Then, as if suddenly recalling it, he answers somewhat indistinctly, "Oh, yes,—we're quite near now,—there's a short cut somewhere off this road."

"Good," I return, not feeling such perfect confidence in the Wicked Uncle's topographical knowledge as I did at starting. "And now, what had MARY Queen of Scots to do with your losing the property?"

He walks a little slower, and regards me fixedly, as if failing to comprehend the exact bearing of my question. I repeat it, and remind him at the same time at what point of his story he had arrived.

"Ah!" he says, "Yes!"—as if the whole narrative were once more coming back to him more vividly than ever. Then he mutters vindictively, "MARY was a bad 'un,—a regular right down bad 'un."

"But," I ask, being unwilling to contradict him until I have heard what ground he has for the assertion, "what did she do to WERDIE of the Whirlpool?"

"What!" he exclaims, hotly. "She fascinated him. He fell in love with her, deserted his wife and children, made over all his estates to her. She gammoned him into a marriage. They were privately married in Scoop Castle—"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" I cannot help protesting, "what proof can there be of this?"

"Proof!" he exclaims, stopping still. "Proofs! We have the documents in our family. There are whole roomfuls of old papers. When the wretched creature had got all she wanted out of him, she was afraid of his betraying her, and so she had the poor devil stabbed in several places at once, and when he was on his death-bed some old abbot or monk wrote down the story as it came from the dying man's lips, when the whole truth came out."

"What became of the document?" I ask, intensely interested.



"We've got it somewhere. I remember my father and grandfather talking about it. It's in an old house belonging to our family—" Here he stops and stretches out his stick as if making a point. "The Waterfall's up there," and he indicates a path through the garden of a pretty little hostelry which calls itself "The Falls Hotel."

A tidy landlady appears at the door.

"Mornin', Mrs. BRAITHWAITE!" says the Wicked Uncle.

"We've still got some of that old whiskey you used to be so fond of, Sir," says the tidy landlady, by way of reply.

"Have you?" he returns. "Ah—well," he says, looking at me, "we must taste that. It's no use trying to get to the Waterfall today," he says, looking at his watch. "Must back t' Lunch," and he takes down the nip with real relish. We bid the tidy landlady good-bye. When we are about a hundred yards down the road the Uncle discovers that he has left his umbrella behind. He won't be a minute; only just back to Mrs. BRAITHWAITE's. In something under a quarter of an hour he returns. He seems to walk with some difficulty. This he attributes to rheumatism.

On our way home he is less communicative than he was. He seems to regret having confided to me his family grievance. I ask him why he doesn't publish the family documents? I remind him of the existence of the Old Manuscripts Commission, and point out how valuable these documents in the possession of his family would be. "Think," I say to him, "of the new light these papers would throw on the controversy as to the truth about MARY Queen of Scots." But the Wicked Uncle preserves a dogged silence. Once he mutters bitterly, "What's—doose—use—now?" After a time he uses strong language about MARY Queen of Scots, then he relapses into silence, and, with his head bent, he either seems to be carefully watching his feet, or to be walking in his sleep.

We walk on, but our pace is delayed by the Wicked Uncle, who insists on carefully picking his way so as to avoid the slosh and mud, in which, however, he is not signally successful, as any effort to keep clear of a puddle on his right sends him into another on his left. On every occasion he exclaims, in the most good-natured tone possible, "Bless the Queen!" a formula which he uses as a substitute for more forcible language. Whether he is blessing MARY Queen of Scots, or our own Gracious Sovereign, I haven't an idea, but he is no longer stern and vindictive; and when I try to introduce afresh the subject of "road collopy," WERDIE's last dying speech and confession, the Old Manuscript Commission, and the search into his historical papers, he only stares at me with a blank expression, shuts his eyes, opens them, and says in a tone of helpless resignation, "What's—doose—use?"

We reach the house. Long after luncheon time. The Wicked Uncle begs me to "excuse him a minute as must write a port'n't ler." Neither ladies nor shooters have returned. The attentive butler has kept luncheon hot for anyone who may come in. No sign of Wicked Uncle. I finish lunch. In the library (not the bookshelves in the smoking-room where the literature is limited to the *New Navigator Calendar, Illustrated*, and one or two other books already specified), I find *Robertson's Scotland* in ten volumes. I examine the index, and retire to our bachelors' quarters in the Annex with several of them. Now I will read up the subject, and refute the story I've heard this morning. I sit down with note-book, pens, ink, and paper. Light pipe. Storm. Afternoon becoming darker. Candles necessary: I am still at work on the subject (not having yet come across any mention, even in the earliest history, of WERDIE of the Whirlpool), when I hear a loud shout, much laughter, then the watch-cry of the Lochglennie Clan, "How are you?" and my door is opened by D. B., who exclaims:

"How are you? What have you been doing with the Wicked Uncle?"

"Nothing," I protest. "Why?"

"Because," says the Laird, with a quiet chuckle, "when the housemaid went to light the fire in the smoking-room, she found him fast asleep in the waste-paper basket."

"I know," says D. B. to me, "he's been telling you all about WERDIE and MARY Queen of Scots, and he always finishes like that. He's all right now. How are you?" and off they go to their dressing-rooms.

I read no more of *Robertson's Scotland*, and shall not write to the Secretary of the Old Manuscripts Commission.

"OH, MY DEAR MUMMY!"—In last September's Number of *The Universal Review* there was an article on "Mummer Worship," and in the October issue there is a graceful and witty poem by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, which might be called *Mummy Worship*, as it is addressed to a pair of old slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition. Perhaps they were CLEOPATRA'S. *Certes*, Sir EDWIN, that female sarapint was a slippery sort of person. The pictures, signed "J. B. P.," possess more than artistic merit, as they exactly illustrate the poem without departing one iota—or rather one "Delta"—from this dream of Old Nile.

## IMMORTALITY INDEED!

LORD RONALD GOWER, it is said, "has been at work for twelve years" on a statue of SHAKESPEARE, which has now been presented to



Like Joke's idea of the Gower Shakespearian statue after reading the *Times* report.

the town of Stratford-on-Avon. SHAKESPEARE, says the description of it in the *Times*, "is here represented as seated, with a quill in his right hand." How original! how clever! in his right hand! not behind his ear, or in his mouth, but absolutely in his right hand, as he must have actually used it, unless he were left-handed. And to think that the renowned sculptor was only twelve years over this great design!! Well, well!! Wonders of genius will never cease. The description goes on—"his left carelessly thrown over the back of a chair"—how graceful! how natural! "Carelessly" you'll observe—"and holding a roll of manuscript." Now who but a born genius would ever have dreamt of representing SHAKESPEARE in such an attitude, and with these properties, "a pen in his right hand," and a "roll of manuscript in his left." What perfect symbolism! "Beneath him," continues the description—but there, what matters what is "beneath him?" Suffice it that there are figures of *Lady Macbeth*, *Falstaff*, *Hamlet*, and *Prince Hal*. Then there are "comic and tragic masks"—here's original symbolism for you!—and there are "pilaster angles," and "astragal entablature." We wouldn't have had it without these last not for worlds. Then there are "emblematical plants, fruit, and flowers cast in bronze." "The monument," says the reporter, proudly, "has been presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Association by LORD RONALD GOWER, and its value is estimated at several thousand pounds." Crafty reporter! "Estimated," indeed! By whom? By LORD RONALD? At how much? "Several thousand pounds." Nonsense!—much under the mark—say "millions." But then, why millions? "A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever"—and is priceless. After the luncheon, that Past Master of post-prandial oratory, and himself no mean sculptor, Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, in his happiest vein, proposed "The Immortal Memory of SHAKESPEARE," but not (at least according to the report), "coupled with the name of the eminent Sculptor, LORD RONALD GOWER." As Parisians now possess a statue of the "Divine WILLIAMS," can anything more be done to prevent Englishmen forgetting SHAKESPEARE? No. The Bard has been chiselled by LORD RONALD GOWER, and his Immortality is at last assured.

## TO THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM.

You've come then, brother Maori—  
At us to have a shy, [ris,  
And if we'd guard our glories,  
We'll have to mind our eye.  
Our camp you seem to flurry,  
And stir its calm content;  
You've flabbergasted Surrey,  
And scrumpled Kent!  
Your kicking, brother Maori,  
Has given us the kick;  
You're well matched all, well  
"on the ball," [quick.  
And strong, and straight, and

By Jove, this is a rum age,  
When a New Zealand team  
Licks BULL at goal and scrum-  
mage!  
It beats MACAULAY'S dream.  
You're welcome, brother Maori,  
Here's wishing you good luck!  
With you there pace and power is,  
And skill, and lots of pluck.  
A trifle "rough." Why, just so!  
But that you'll mend, no doubt,  
And win, all Sportsmen trust so,  
In many a friendly bout.





### WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

THE REASON JONES DOESN'T MARRY (SO HE SAYS) IS NOT THAT HE LACKS EITHER THE MEANS OR THE OPPORTUNITY—IT IS BECAUSE HE IS OF AN EXTREMELY DOMESTICATED NATURE, AND LIKES TO SPEND HIS EVENINGS AT HOME.

### WAITING HIS "TURN."

*Boulanger, the "Café Chantant St. Arnaud," at the wings, loquiter:—*

ALL very well, *mon vieux*! Congratulations  
Shower upon you from the house all round.  
You fancy this the finest of ovations,  
And feel a thrill of triumph, I'll be bound.  
But stay awhile! I dog you like grim fate;  
And all things come to him who will but wait.

Bow! bow! The *bouquets* and "*Bis! bis!*" seem glorious,  
E'en when they come from rustic hands and throats:  
Your well-drilled *claque* is getting quite uproarious;  
Vociferations though are not quite votes.  
This hurricane of *bravas*! wild and windy,  
What is it but what coarse JOHN BULL calls "*shindy*."

Mere *charivari*, very little meaning,  
*Cher "Faute-de-mieux!"* A truly happy nomen,  
In which, though your conceit is overweening,  
You must, methinks, detect a fateful omen.  
You're but a stop-gap Star, man, after all;  
And when I rise upon them, you will fall.

Your Song! Mere clap-trap smooth and noisy clatter;  
In a good house it scarce would get a hand.  
And as for your stale "*business*" and poor "*patter*,"  
Those who applaud them do not understand.  
Oh yes, bow, smirk, my CARNOT, swallow praise  
Whilst you can get it; 'tis a passing craze.

My "*turn*" will come, and my new song, "*Revision*,"  
Will bring the house down in a sort of style  
Shall make you a mere memory of derision;  
So at your fleeting triumph I can smile.  
Why, in its fullest flush my presence stings;  
I caught that furtive look towards the wings!

I am your *atra cura*, and you know it.

Ask FLOQUET! Such tame trash invites its doom.

You want a *chic* composer and a poet,

Whose verse can make the People thrill—Bim! Boom!

I know the trick of it, I'll make them burn,  
Flare, flame, explode! I only wait my "*turn*!"

### MOST UNWARRENTABLE!

THE attack on Sir CHARLES WARREN. Those who join in blood-hounding him down must be interested in renewing the scenes of riot and disorder in Trafalgar Square with which Sir CHARLES dealt most effectively. The Police Force requires strengthening, and Sir CHARLES is perfectly alive to the fact. What on earth can it matter if, in number, our Police compare favourably with the Police force at Constantinople, or St. Peteraburgh, or Vienna, or Jericho, if we have not sufficient Police to protect life and property in the Metropolis? The Londoner may say,—

"What care I what force there be  
In Jerusalem or Amerikee,  
If there aren't enough for me  
In London?"

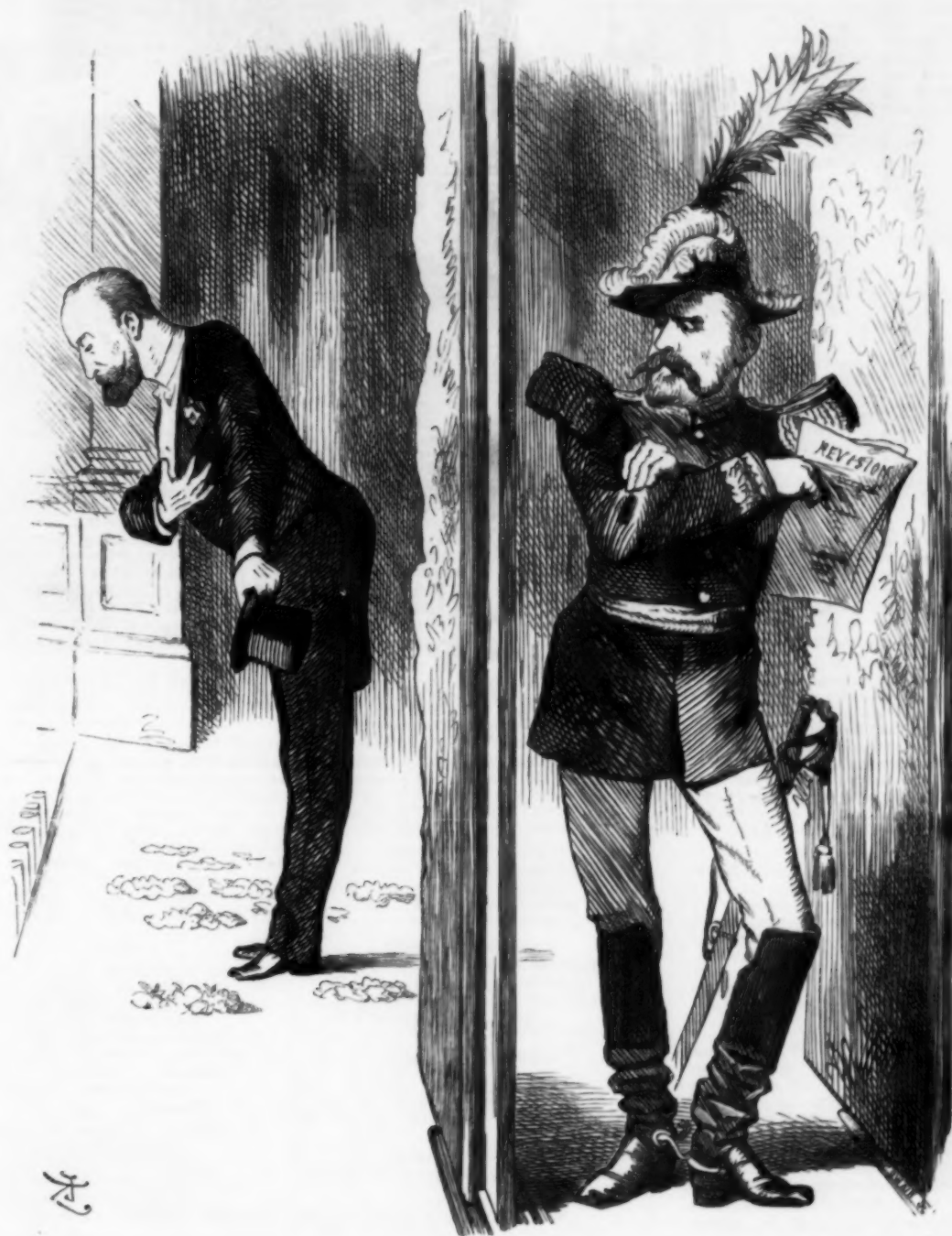
Socialistic sensational Journalists and rowdy demagogues would like to see the Police Force reduced to one in every two thousand, until they fell to fighting among themselves, when they would be the first to yell out "*Police!*" and scream for the intervention of the enfeebled arm of the law.

### Nursery Rhyme for Young Italy, Oct. 12.

THE King in the Quirinal,  
Feeling very funny;  
The Kaiser in a parlour,  
Tired after journey.

The Pope was in the Vatican,  
Looking at his shoe;  
Up comes the Emperor,  
And says, "*How é'ye do?*"

"SAVOY FARE."—*Couplets à la Gilbert sautes Sullivan.* N. B.—At this House of Call for the Public, the dinners are always *à la Carte*.



WAITING HIS "TURN."

THE "CAFÉ CHANTANT ST. ARNAUD." "ALL VERY WELL—'FAUTE DE MIEUX'!—BUT WAIT TILL THEY HEAR MY NEW TOPICAL SONG, 'REVISION' THAT'LL FETCH 'EM!!"





## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.



A SHORT ACT OF PARLIAMENT IS PASSED, PROVIDING THAT NO MAN SHALL BE ALLOWED TO OCCUPY THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS UNTIL EVERY LADY IS SEATED.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, in his "Reply," has performed an eminently successful operation on the German "Doctor Wasps." He has taken the sting out of their tales.

## THE DETECTIVE'S RESCUE.

Brief Libretto of the Day, recently set to Popular Music.

The Scene represents an Enchanted Hall in the Palace of the Demon of Sensationalism. A Dismayed Detective discovered, hotly pursued by a miscellaneous crowd of Sensation-mongers, Prominent Members of the Criminal Classes, Sub-Editors of Daily Papers, Anonymous Correspondents, Loafers, Idlers, and others. On the Curtain rising he covers before them, as they crowd round him, threateningly singing the following chorus—

CHORUS.

MISCREANT! Caitiff! thus around thee  
Closing, glibly we confound thee!  
Thou must feed the morbid hunger  
Of the grim Sensation-monger.  
Tell us then what thou art doing,  
What and whom art thou pursuing?  
Quick! Give details! No delay!  
Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

Good people, surely you'll reflect  
My work is simply to detect.  
And how can I my object gain  
If I my methods must explain?  
It certainly would not be wise  
To tell my plans,—drop my disguise.

A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASSES (*con fuoco*).

What! Would you gag the Daily Papers,  
That tip us your Detective capers?  
Why! how could coves like us find out,  
Without 'em, just what you're about?

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.

And how could I my fancies air,  
And help to feed the daily scare?

How pen my rubbish without stint,  
And see myself set up in print?

A SUB-EDITOR OF A DAILY PAPER.

And how could I material waste  
Which tickles so the public taste?  
(*Advancing on Dismayed Detective.*)  
So tell me what you mean to do,  
What course you purpose to pursue.  
I care not how the wind I raise  
So that I feed the public craze!

CHORUS (*threateningly*):

Answer! Give the information  
We are craving for sensation.  
Quick! The details! No delay!  
Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

And they would force me to reveal  
The very facts I should conceal!  
There's no escape. Else would I fly!  
Will no one give me help?

[*Enter a Chief Commissioner.*]

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Yea, I?

CHORUS (*falling back*).

Sir CHARLES himself! What can he have  
to say?

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Attend! I'll sing you my official lay.

Song.

When tracking some terrible crime,  
For a moment the force seems at fault,  
And Justice appears for a time  
To be baffled, and beaten, and halt.  
When no clue on the surface is seen,  
And the trail is obscure and effaced,  
Do you think the Detective's so green  
As to let you know all he has traced?  
Surely, goodness alone knows what next  
you'll expect!  
You forget a Detective is meant to detect.

## CALLING TO MIND AN OMISSION.

AN evening paper, last week, filled several columns of its pages with a list of the robberies that have taken place of late in various parts of London. One entry was to the effect that twelve months back, a bottle of lozenges was stolen from the shop of a chemist, and there were other announcements of equally startling importance. Strange to say there was no reference to the disappearance of brains some years ago from the office of the paper in question—from the Editor's room—brains that seemingly have not since been recovered.

## Conundrums.

No. 1.—Of what use was VINCENT HOWARD in the Detective Department?

No. 2.—Of what use is he anywhere?

\* \* A prize will be given for a moderately satisfactory solution of either of the above conundrums.

HEIGHO, BACCHE!—In the *Times*, last Friday, its Correspondent at Vienna wrote, under the heading, "AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:"—

"The vintage has begun all over the Empire, but the wine will be everywhere poor in quality, and not much in quantity. There never was within living memory such a bad year for vines."

This is bad for Austria-Hung'ry, but it's worse for Austria-Thirsty.

"WHAT IS WORN" is the title of an article on Fashion in the *Daily News*. "I can answer the question, 'What is Worn,'" writes a Constant Non-subscriber, signing "IMPY Q-UIOUS." "My last two winters' overcoat is worn—very much worn. So much so, that I can't wear it out."

So it isn't by showing his hand,  
Or supplying the needs of the Press  
With a sketch of the scheme he has plann'd,  
That his efforts he'll crown with success;  
But by keeping the threads that he's got  
To himself, careful no chance to miss.  
Well, he tracked out the dynamite plot—  
Ten to one he'll make something of this!  
But that you'll share his confidence, pray  
don't expect.

Bear in mind a Detective is meant to detect!

CHORUS.

We like not your official lay,  
And heed no word of what you say.  
Fit but, with your blockhead Force,  
Crowds to drive from Charing Cross.  
Military Martinet,  
We'll be even with you yet!  
Thus your dictum we oppose.  
(*They seize the Dismayed Detective.*)  
What you're up to, quick, disclose!

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

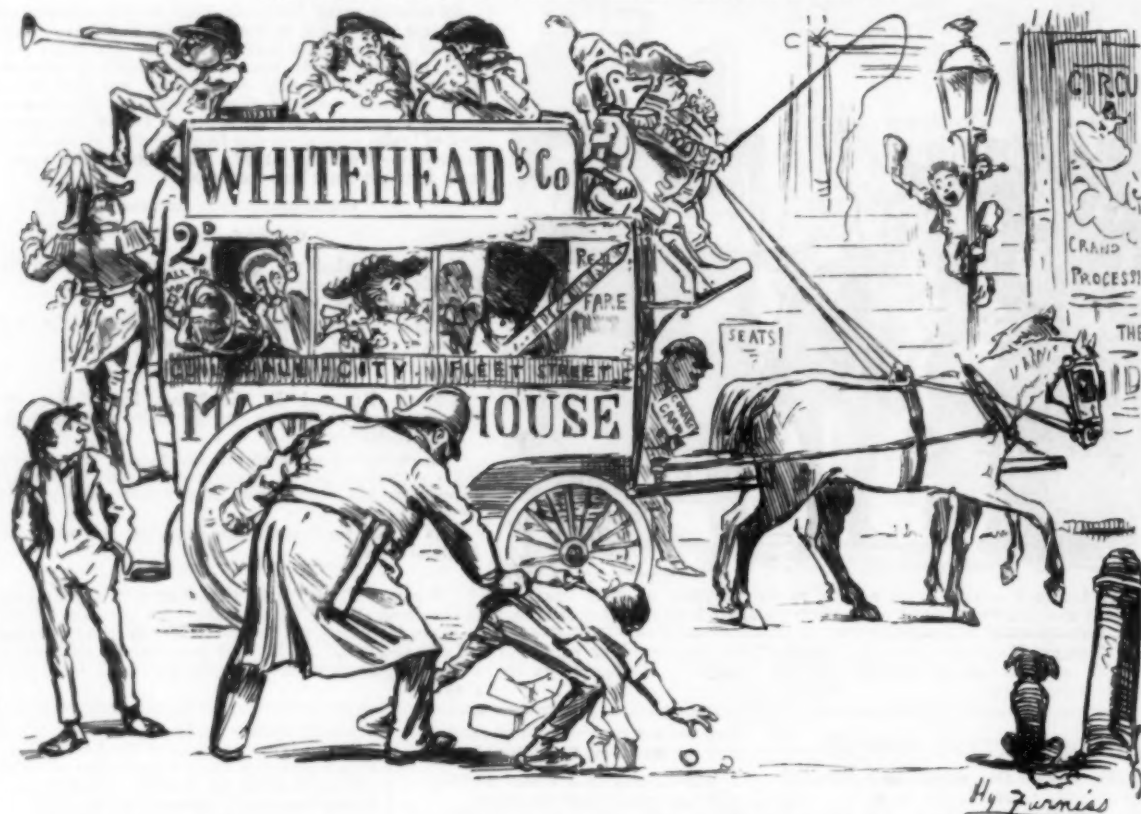
Release him! (*Waves truncheon.*) For I  
summon thus a power [cower!  
Beneath whose gaze a crew like you will  
[*The Scene opens at back, and reveals the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion surrounded by a halo of moderate light. She extends her wand, when all the Chorus shrink back dazed, leaving the Dismayed Detective, who approaches her gratefully, in the centre of the Stage.*]

CHORUS (*shuddering as they retreat*).

Baffled! who will feed the hunger  
Of the balked Sensation-monger?  
Still, whatever the world may say,  
We'll keep up our blatant bray!

[*They cower lower and lower, sinking away, while the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion smiles faintly on the Chief Commissioner and the Dismayed Detective as the Curtain slowly descends.*]

### ANTICIPATIONS OF NEXT LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



[<sup>14</sup> The Lord Mayor Elect wishes the Procession to be worthy of the occasion, and the Corporation of London. He is opposed to the introduction of the Circus element and allegorical display, which accord neither with his own taste, nor, in his opinion, with the dignity of the City.—*Vide the Papers.*]

THE Fathers of the City were seated in the Council Chamber, engaged in a deep consultation. It was within measurable distance of the Ninth of November, and consequently the Lord Mayor shortly was to proceed in state from London to Westminster.

"This is a more than usually interesting occasion," observed one of the Fathers, gravely. "It is possible that we may never have another

"'Ear, 'ear!" murmured an Alderman of the old school, who had passed the chair.

"And this being so," continued the other, "I hope, I do hope, that the Show will be worthy of the event. For instance, I trust, I do trust, that the City Marshal will be seen a-riding in front of it all, a-mounted on horseback?"

"My objection to the Circus element has become historical," returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with considerable dignity.

"And I do beg," continued the Alderman, ignoring the interruption, "that we shall have the men-in-armour. I may say that without the men-in-armour the day would go for nothing. The Missus—I should say my Lady wife—and the young 'uns like to see the ancient knights, and without them the day would go for nothing."

"Don't say that," remonstrated an Alderman, thin and smart, with a *pince-nez*, of the new school. "You are forgetting the banquet. You can't say a day which gives you a fair *menu* goes for nothing. *C'est blague, mon cher*; or, as we used to say at the dear old 'Varsity, *garrula lingua nocet*."

Then came a chorus of the discontented. They followed one another like a chime of bells.

"Yes, but how about the ancient knights—are we to have any men-in-armour?"

<sup>61</sup> "And surely we are not to be cut out of our banners?"

"And the fire-engines—ain't we to have any of them?"

"And I do like to see a Life-boat. It gives such a benevolent air to it all, you know."

"And the Rangers—them with the guns—what about them?"

"The procession will worthily represent the dignity of the City of London," replied the Lord Mayor Elect, evasively.

"Yes, we know all that," observed another Alderman, rather coarsely, "and that the surplus saved out of the Show is to be given to a charity. But what is the Show to be like? Ain't we going to have any gals in tights seated on globes as Britannia, and all that sort of thing?"

"I am not very fond of the allegorical."

"Oh, gammon!" continued the critical Corporationist. "Let the young 'uns have a chance. If it ain't too late, why not have a giraffe or a couple of elephants from the Zoological Gardens?"

"Gentlemen," returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with dignity, "believe me, I am not unmindful of the importance of the Metropolis of the World. I believe you will find that the Procession will uphold by its magnificence the best traditions of this great centre of civilisation."

And amidst some sounds of dissatisfaction, the meeting dissolved.

When he was alone, the future Chief Magistrate of the City of London knitted his brow in the profoundest thought.

"What shall I do?" he murmured. "They are never satisfied! Have I not selected a West-End Coachmaker? Have I not contrived a card of invitation that should provoke the admiration of the whole of the civilised world? What more would they have? May I not give up the cumbersome Beadles, the useless Commissaires? And forsooth, the Procession—the real Procession—with myself in a brougham, and the City Marshal on the box—is not sufficiently ornate for them! Well, I must contrive something better—something that by its splendour shall catch the fancy of the groundlings."

And so late into the night and far into the early morning the Lord Mayor Elect pondered. Day was breaking when, with a shout of triumphant joy, he jumped to his feet.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, "I have it! Splendour without vulgarity! Comfort and dignity! I have found the happy mean."

A fortnight later all London was of the annual Procession. It came. But to describe it the pen fails. And that being the case (as will be seen by the sketch above) resort



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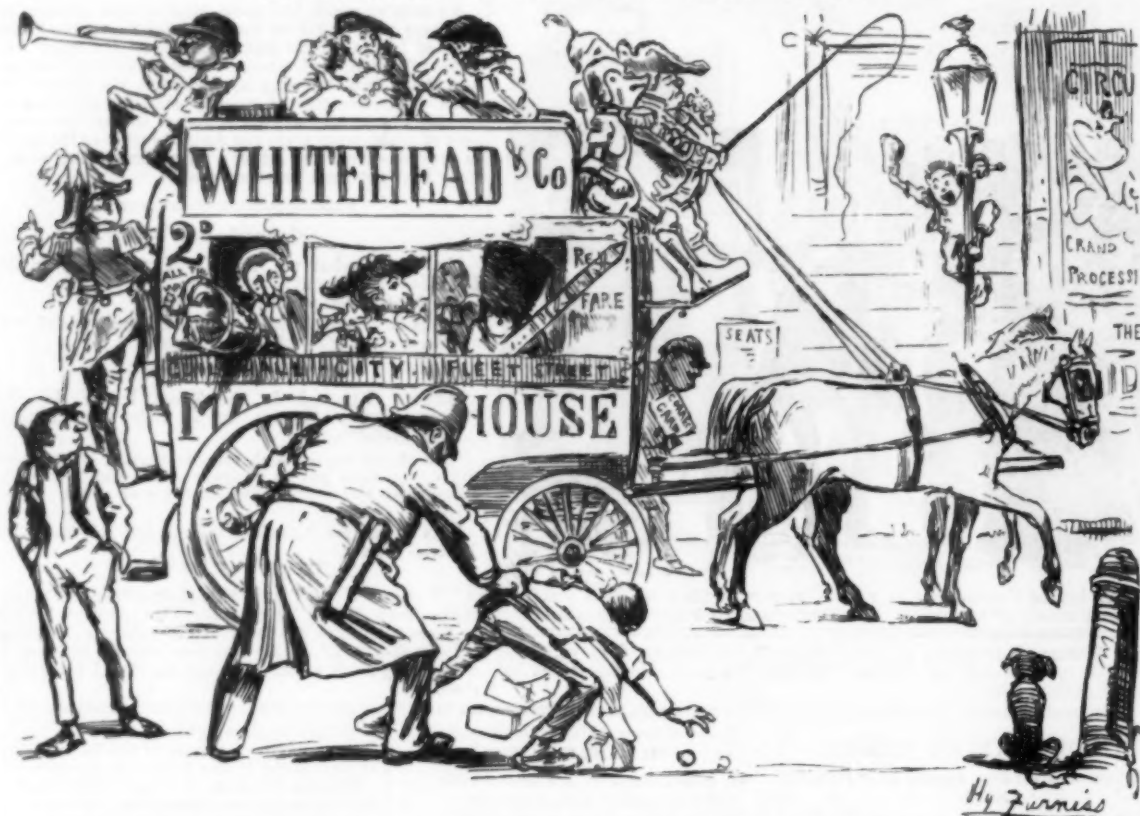
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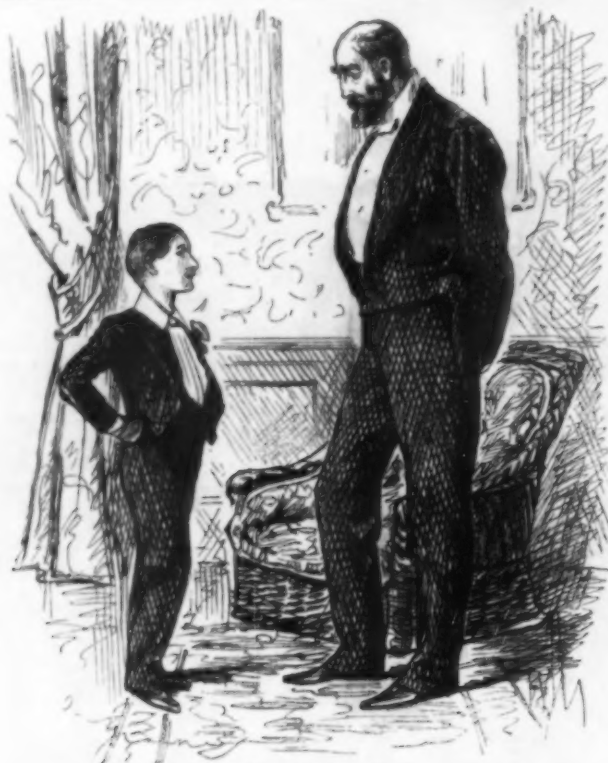
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## A STRAIGHT TIP.

"CAN'T SAY I QUITE LIKE THE CUT OF THAT SUIT OF YOURS, GOVERNOR!"

"WHAT! WHY, CONFOUND IT, SIR, MY TAILOR'S THE BEST IN LONDON!"

"AH, DESSAY; BUT YOU SHOULD TRY OUR CHAP DOWN AT ETON—HE'S THE MAN! AND YOU MIGHT JUST MENTION MY NAME, YOU KNOW!"

When I said that everybody was to be off to Whitechapel, I did not mean, of course, that Whitehall Place was to be deserted. Wish I could induce the bloodhounds to go opposite to pay a visit to the Commissioners in Lunacy. Not that they would find them (as they are always from town inspecting outlying asylums), but they might have a little fun with the Secretary, who is a fixture.

6 P.M.—Still on my shelf. The bloodhounds are engaged at this moment in eating some dog-muzzles and my box of decorations. And now they are ready for a spring! Well, I will make a good fight of it!

7 P.M.—Saved! Six perfect strangers have rushed into the room. The brutes are seized and handed over to the proprietor. The bloodhounds in handcuffs (applied to their legs) are now being carried off in triumph. Very grateful to my rescuers. It appears that the six perfect strangers are prisoners who have been arrested on suspicion. As they have done me such a signal service, I can but release them. I have less compunction in giving them their freedom, as I find that they have all been staying for the last three months in a boarding-house at Margate. From this I fancy it is improbable that they could have been concerned in the sad affair at Whitechapel.

8 P.M.—The staff of the office have just come back. They have returned, having arrested, by mistake, one another. This is most satisfactory, as it is proof that they must have been admirably disguised. Am on the eve of leaving the office for home, having just issued an order that the use of bloodhounds by the Police will be suspended until further orders.

## TRANSYLVANIAN SPORT.

(From Our Special Sportsman with their H.R.H.'s.)

LAST week the Prince of WALES and the CROWN PRINCE went out to shoot bears. The bears behaved in their usual bearish manner—they are regular beasts—and refused to meet their Royal Highnesses. Beaters—in their beautiful old gold-beater-skin costume, still worn here (and by the bye, the Court Plasterers also stick to their ancient dress in this Conservative State)—went into the woods and forests with the Gold Sticks in Waiting, and made noise enough to wake the sleepiest grizzly. But Bruin wouldn't show himself, and though we waited in the plains below for hours, yet we saw nothing. The scouts came up, and in broken English, which they've learnt out of compliment to our Prince, reported, "All bear!" so, thinking they meant that "All the

bears were coming," or that "the bears were everywhere," we got ready, presented, but didn't fire. *L'Ours—voilà l'ennemi!* But there was no *Ours*.

One of the Half-Crown Princes out with us (any number of them about—plenty of change), tried to make an international joke about "waiting hours for an *ours*," but he was hushed down by both the Princes, and I had to tell him afterwards, that as he really couldn't pronounce either French or English properly, he had better keep his jokes in those languages to himself. Poor dear Half-Crown! he was so sorry, but he soon laughed it off when I called him "Young Two-and-Sixpence," which set the whole party in a roar just when the only bear that had been seen all day showed its nose round a corner.

If we hadn't been convulsed, that bear would never have lived to tell the tale, but as it was, bang went all our barrels, and when the smoke cleared off, all I saw was the Half-Crown Prince going head over heels backwards down the rocks, owing to the violent recoil of the gun when he was laughing, and three of the *chasseurs* jumping about, chucking their plumed hats in the air, and shrieking with pain, though, being courtiers, they had to pretend it was their way of expressing excessive annoyance at the disappointment their Royal Master and his distinguished guest had suffered. "Mark, Bear!" shouted a Styrian Count in pink tights, green and gold coat, and leather boots with spurs. But it was a false alarm.

No more at present, as the Royal Currier is just leaving, and he'll have nothing to curry if I don't send this despatch. We're all well. Don't talk of making a place "a regular Bear-garden." This is one, and as quiet as the Great Desert on a Sunday night.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I've hit on a plan which has met with the approbation of everyone. I kept it dark till now! My fortune's made!! I brought out a bag of buns from England, the very same sort that they give to the bears at the Zoological. I am now going out baiting traps and tops of trees. . . . Sure of sport!!! I expect nothing less than a Marquisate for this, with a *château*, and any number of thousands a year, to keep up the Bears in this district. . . . Expect more by wire, road, or rail, from

Your own Noble Sportsman,  
RUDOLPH THE RIFLEMAN.

## THE DUEL OF DIGESTION.

[M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS describes French duels as a mere appetite-provoking preliminary to a good breakfast, enjoyed by principals and seconds together.]

WHEN ALPHONSE and JACQUES  
Go out to attack  
Each other, and try the *duello*,  
Their friends gather round,  
With emotion profound,  
Admiring each daring young fellow.  
And both look so fierce,  
In "carte" and in "tierce,"  
They posture and lunge, 'tis quite thrilling;  
You'd think that a life  
Must be ta'en in the strife,  
And each man is bent upon killing.  
But, bless your heart, no;  
It never is so:  
A scratch or a touch, and it's ended.  
No man comes to harm  
With a prick on his arm—  
Thus honour and safety are blended.  
They go back to town,  
They win cheap renown  
In *cafés* where friends are assembled;  
As heroes to-day  
They describe all the fray,  
As if e'en the solid earth trembled.  
The *déjeuner*'s there;  
The bloodthirsty pair,  
With seconds, go back and do credit  
To dishes and wine:  
So DUMAS doth opine  
Such duels are shams, and has said it!

WOMEN AS POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.—Guardian Angels.

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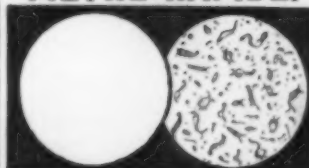
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